

# INNOCENCY'S COMPLAINT

AGAINST

*Tyrannical Court Faction in Newengland.*

**T**HE Priests and Elders that pernicious Seed  
Of Rebel *Jews*, as we in Scripture read,  
Opposing Christ, did with Consent prepare  
A Law to trap him, and his life ensnare:  
Upon the Trial, he doth make demand,  
What Precept he hath broke, or just Command?  
For want of Crime, the *Jews* make this Reply,  
*We have a Law, and by it thou shalt die:*  
A curld Sentence, and to be abhor'd,  
Imbrac'd by none, but Murderers of the Lord.  
The making Laws for to ensnare the Just,  
Of God is hated, and to be accurst.  
They murdered Christ, regarding not his loss,  
Nor 'swag'd their Malice, tho' he on the Cross,  
But then proceed against his own Elest,  
By Means preposterous and indirect;  
Nay, ever since, the Wicked in their Rage,  
Have murdered Righteous Men in every Age:  
But Innocency, that no Ill doth fear,  
Hath worn out Tyrants wrath, do what they dare.  
This Time, with sober Men does seem to be  
A Parallel with the Apostacy.  
The *Massachusetts* is alike for Crime,  
Unto *Judea*, in Christ Jesus' Time:  
Here Laws are extant, that doth terrify  
Well meaning Men, and Liberty deny  
In serving God, except in their own way,  
In their own Method, and on their made Day.  
Here Innocents are fined, whipt, and branded,  
Bars cropt, some sold for Slaves, some slaut, some  
Whoever is contrary to them found, [hanged;  
Though in his Spirit their Fine must be Five Pound,  
Or else three Days in Goal, e'er a discharge,  
And with a ten last whipping he enlarg'd:  
Such Cruelty forbore in other Parts,  
Doth now possess *American's* brutish Hearts.

Lament, *Newengland*, like a tender Mother!  
To see thy Children one destroy another:  
The humblest sort, and none but such as they,  
Unto the fiery Zealous are a Prey:  
Those that in Conscience cannot wrong a Worm,  
Are fined and whipt, because they can't conform;  
And time hath been, which ne'er shall be forgot,  
God's Servants have been hang'd, none knows for what,  
Except for serving of their blessed Lord,  
For Quaking and for Trembling at his Word.  
Let those black Days, like the fifth of *November*,  
Be writ in Red, for Ages to Remember.  
And thou, *July*, forbear thy round delays,  
Instead of Mirth, let Mourning end thy Days.  
Twelve Innocents, without e'er Guilt or Crime,  
With cruel Whips were scourged at one time;

And six Days after, fifteen more by Force,  
Were like the first twelve, beaten without Remorse.  
Seven tender Women, young and old, were stript,  
All naked to the Waist, and cruelly whipt.  
Immodest Action! greatest Wrong with Shame,  
Which never will be clear of Guilt or Blame:  
And twenty Men, well bred, of good Descent,  
Fit for Assistants to their Government,  
Each of such good Report and high Repute,  
Their Foes could not accuse them, but were mute,  
Only a Law unjust forbid their meeting  
To serve the Lord, and Whips must be their Greeting;

Admire, O Heavens! be Earth astonished  
At this profuse Expense of guiltless Blood!  
In such a Case where nothing is concern'd  
But a Religion, they in Scripture learn'd;  
Christ's own Command, the Apostle's Approbation,  
All good Men's Care, our wise Kings Toleration.  
Why should Men's Liberties be thus abridg'd,  
And Conscience hinder'd in what's privileg'd?  
Why should a petty Government constrain Men to  
What Acts of Parliament doth scorn to do?  
*CHARLES* is not forgot, that bloody Spirit  
Doth in their angry Humours still inherit.  
Amongst the *Heathens*, *Turks*, and *Catholics*,  
Are no such cruel and unchristian Tricks.  
Had they complied with a wicked Law,  
And of a whipping stood in common Awe,  
Five Pounds their tender Backs had saved, so  
They had been free'd from Stripes, to stay or go;  
Nay, were they criminal, enlarged they had been,  
*Newengland's* Law admits of buying Sin:  
But for obedient Service to their God,  
Thus to be beaten with the scourging Rod.  
And from their Meetings to be dragged off,  
By merciless Men, and made a common Scoff,  
To *Ismael's* Race, and unto Prison sent,  
*Cain* may his Purpose on meek *Abel* vent,  
It is so ridiculous, and such a snare,  
All wise and sober Men a Judgment fear.  
Their Blood doth cry, and loud for Vengeance call,  
Tho they do heartily forgive them all.

Regard, O Lord! thou powerful God of Host,  
The Goal, the Gallows, and the whipping Post!  
Repeal those wicked and pernicious Laws,  
That Innocents be not destroy'd without a Cause,  
And grant such Rulers as may be devout  
For Christ and Saints, and turn the other out;

*George Joy, Mariner. 1677.*